

Quote

THE WEEKLY DIGEST

Volume 8

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Number 11

WITHIN THE WEEK

The war has now reached a period marked by consolidations. This applies to Allied forces and to those of the enemy. Russian forces have made, or will presently make junction with the Tito partisans in Yugoslavia. French forces pursuing Germans in southern France appear on the point of joining U S Third Army under Lt-Gen'l Patton. This consolidation would effectively trap all enemy troops remaining in southern and western France.

It is a military axiom that the progress of any army, in the long run, is determined by its supply facilities. Since no supply organization could keep the pace set by Patton in the past 3 wks, Third army is now momentarily stalled awaiting supplies. A similar supply problem has held up the Russians—with the further complication that retreating Nazis effectively destroyed communication and transportation facilities, including a number of bridges.

We shall soon witness what may prove bloodiest battles of the war. It is clearly the Allied intent to strike paralyzing blows at the Reich from all directions. Germany is preparing to meet these attacks and stiffer resistance is already noted. If ever the Nazis are to put up a firm defense, it must be now. Enemy field of operations is being rapidly constricted. If Hitler has

any "surprises" to spring he cannot long delay them.

GERMAN SLAVE LABOR:

Nazis do well to tremble at this potential threat. If and when way is found to implement wrath of these workers brought forcibly to the Reich, their vengeance will be something terrible to contemplate.

NORWAY: All signs point to early Allied invasion.

FRANCE: The French irregulars (they are called maquis, a term which means, roughly, men of the bush) turned upon the Gestapo as their special enemy. This is understandable when we learn from reports now coming in that the irregulars are composed almost wholly of young boys who have seen sisters and sweethearts mistreated by the arrogant German police. It is interesting to contemplate the political power that will be wielded by these young men in a coming French republic. It seems most unlikely that any effort at German appeasement or reapproachment will make progress while this group sits in judgment. The soft, decadent France of the pre-war period has gone. It will not come again in our day.

ITALY: Enemy evacuation of all Italy s of the Alps now appears a not-too-distant probability.



SHIFTING SANDS

Educators are concerned over efforts of opportunists to invade their province. Promoters have obvious plan to set up "schools" to exploit veterans and gov't under GI law which provides fund for payment of tuition and living expenses of servicemen who continue their education. Veterans' administration, in co-operation with state school sup'ts is acting to squelch racket, weed out mushroom schools. But threat of inadequate standards remains in some trade and technical schools. Law provides student must maintain "good record of accomplishment" to qualify for aid. Fear is some schools may give good grades to indifferent students to gain gov't bounty. OPA, this wk, jumped promptly on rumor that new cars will be "25 to 30% higher." Director Bowles branded such talk "dangerous and irresponsible." Other OPA officials were quoted as saying they could see no reason why a '45 auto should cost buyer "more than 7% above pre-war price."



FOR THOSE WHO WILL NOT BE MENTALLY MAROONED

Quote

"HE WHO NEVER QUOTES, IS NEVER QUOTED"

Charles Haddon Spurgeon

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"Victory in Europe is sure by the end of '44 if everyone does his part." ROBT P PATTERSON, Undersec'y of War.

"... my fellow colleagues in the Senate."—SEN TRUMAN, in a redundant moment of his formal speech of acceptance.

"What a mess!"—MARTHA PROSSER, commenting on wreckage of her ap't by robot bomb. Aged 82, and deaf, she had slept thru the attack.

"Give me them things with lots of power."—JOE LOUIS, world heavyweight champion, discussing relative merits of bomber and fighter planes.

"We are determined to prevent the enemy from setting foot on German soil."—Col-Gen'l HEINZ GUBERIAN, chief of staff of Nazi army, in a statement quoted this wk in London.

"There is no chance that we will see the dramatic show in the newsreel, with Hitler behind prison bars ... Hitler will be murdered within the next 2 or 3 mo's."—EMIL LUDWIG, historian.

"But they don't look much like lions."—Comment of an Antwerp citizen when cages of the lion house in local zoo were used to incarcerate Germans and Belgian collaborationists.

"The Navy is expanding and will continue to expand. The Navy cannot be demobilized until Japan is defeated."—JAS A FORRESTAL, Sec'y of Navy, making clear that defeat of Germany will bring no reduction in naval personnel.

"We are going to help so that business will not have to go thru a lot of cumbersome red tape to get back into civilian production. We can't wet-nurse 200,000-odd enterprisers."—J A KRUG, WPA chairman, at a press conference where he forecast an "amazing reconversion" after German downfall.

"MAY WE

Quote

YOU ON THAT?"

Want ad in Ind weekly paper: "I want a good, clean husband who gets a pension and doesn't drink."

"It is the 1st one I ever saw."—SIMON MATHIAS, native of Brazil, when shown a Brazil nut at Madison, Wis.

"Our federal gov't now has more persons on the taxpayers' pay roll than the combined total of all the 48 states, plus all employees of county and municipal gov'ts."—SEN HARRY BYRD, Va.

"A deficiency of means has placed success out of our reach."—Lt-Gen'l KURT DITTMAR, propaganda spokesman for German high command. (He promised, however, that "things will be different from now on.")

"From now on, no one need worry about where the next drink is coming from."—Spokesman for the liquor industry, at conclusion of the month's "holiday" granted for the making of beverage alcohol.

"Your spending is my income and my spending is your income. If we both stop spending, we stop each other's income. After that, we can sit down and starve to death trying to save expenses."—DAVID CUSHMAN COYLE, consulting engineer, Nat'l Planning Board.

"Except possibly for a few last shots, the Battle of London is over."—DUNCAN SANDYS, chairman, committee on flying-bomb counter measures. (Home Security ministry also announced this wk that 5-yr blackout would end Sept 17; home guards and fire watchers practically abolished.)

"We might do well to consider the possibility of Americans landing on our own home soil."—KUNIAKI KOISO, Japanese Premier.

"The glory of this country is that laws permit people to speak the truth and there is always some one brave enough to speak it."—Capt MILDRED H MCAFEE, director of WAVES.

"I have never advocated social equality."—ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, answering a critic of her racial views. She added: "In a democracy, however, we cannot have 12 million people denied rights as citizens." (Later, inspecting and approving inter-racial hospital at Harlem, asked by Negro reporters about her statement, Mrs Roosevelt amplified: "Social equality, to me, is what you have among friends. I don't see how you can legislate about social equality.")

"A canvass shows definitely that as of today we have enough electoral votes to elect the Dewey-Bricker ticket, with a few to spare."—HERBERT BROWNELL, Republican Nat'l chairman.

"A further increase is seen in the violence of the enemy's resistance ... The opportunity for Japan to engineer a victorious settlement ... is indeed at this stage."—Emperor HIROHITO in a statement to Japanese people.

"This letter was written in 1942. At such an early date in the war Mr Roosevelt certainly did not know he would be in a presidential campaign in 11944."—*Indianapolis Times*, printing a Washington release. (Times corrected error in later edition saying, "We don't want to give Republicans a futility complex.")

"I'm afraid a lot of people will get the idea there will be no more inductions."—Rep JOHN J SPARKMAN, Ala, mbr House Military Affairs committee, making clear that inductions will continue even under partial demobilization.

"All this talk about people not understanding train callers is nonsense. People don't listen."—FRED H GARDNER, Chicago, retiring after 28 yrs as IC Ry train caller.

"How's business?"—Query of a Talking Crow, descending suddenly upon a startled Chicago victory gardener. (After a few more less intelligible remarks, the bird flew away.)

Signs of the Times

On a rural bulletin board: "Young chicks, cheap."

On a highway truck: "Sorry pals; O K gals."

In a Wis tavern: "Cigarettes—20¢ per pack; 2 packs for 35¢. Only 1 to a Customer."

"Thanks for the lift. I just wanted to find out if you've got what it takes. Every senator ought to have a course in haying."—Idaho farmer, to aspiring candidate GLEN TAYLOR. (TAYLOR called to ask the farmer for his vote; was promptly put to work.)

What we foresee is a 'farm problem' instead of a 'food' problem. Rather than hungry mouths begging for food, agricultural surpluses will go begging for a mkt."—THEO W SCHULTZ, agricultural economist, U of Chicago, addressing Conference on Education in Rural Communities. (He further forecasts that half the young people reared in rural areas will find they are not needed in agriculture.)

"The whole program will cost about \$3,750,000,000. This, after all, is only about as much as it costs to carry on the war for a fortnight."—HAROLD ICKES, Sec'y of Interior, proposing 236 new reclamation projects in western U S, to employ 1,500,000 ret'g servicemen. (But hot battle impends over Congressional approval. Opposition centers attack upon point that we have more farm acreage now than world mkts warrant.)

"No one has ever contemplated providing a hiding place in Spain for enemies of the Allied countries."—JOAN FRANCISCO DE CARDENES, Spanish ambassador to U S. (Nevertheless, rumors persist that high-ranking Nazis are already finding haven within Spanish boundaries.)

"The saviors almost outnumber the sinners!"—Successful Farming, in an editorial discussion of those who purpose to solve the "farm problem."

"She has kept in condition by chopping wood, wood, wood with an axe, axe, axe."—ERIC SEVAREID, CBS correspondent, burlesquing literary style of GERTRUDE STEIN, reported safe in seclusion of southern France.

"May Gen Eisenhower not be balked as I was in my stand for unconditional surrender of the enemy. May we have complete military occupation of Germany further to impress the lesson of destruction by bombing. In '18, Germany was unharmed by shot and shell."—Gen'l JOHN J PERSHING, leader of U S forces in World War I.

"Now that cigarettes and cigars have scarcity value, it cannot be considered an expression of the people's community feeling when men are seen strutting along with fat cigars." — Reichmarshal HERMAN GOERING. (Social arbiter Goering also pointed to the eating of fresh fruit in public as "bad taste." But Germans haven't had enough in recent mo's to determine whether the taste is bad or good.)

"This crypt, built for the defender of Verdun, shall remain empty forever." — Verdict of Ancient Combatants, a French veterans' organization. (Magnificent structure in memorial cemetery at Verdun was erected in expectation that it would one day house mortal remains of Marshal HENRI PHILIPPE PETAIN. However, veterans voted, yr ago, that their hero's "conduct with Hitler" should deprive him of that honor.)

"I didn't take any time off because there wasn't any place to go."—Sgt ANDREW KUJAR, who this wk applied for retirement after 30 yrs of army service, during which time he never had a pass or furlough.

"Oh, thank you! Thank you so much!"—Prince JEAN DE CARAMAN CHIMAY, of Reims, France, expressing pathetic gratitude for half pack of crumpled American cigarettes, his 1st "real tobacco" in 4 yrs. (The Prince, fabulously wealthy, owns controlling interest in one of world's largest wine companies.)

"I think we'll get Grosvenor Sq back."—WINSTON CHURCHILL, in joking response to query about post-war territorial settlements. (Grosvenor Sq is favored gathering place of U S men and women in armed services.)

"The war has sidetracked a lot of excellent artists who are now trying to paint buck-toothed Japs. It is a shameful reflection on the human race and anyone recording such history is wasting time."—DALE NICHOLS, well-known painter of rural landscapes.



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COLUMNIST'S COLUMN

Why Didn't Hitler Invade Britain?

Maybe you will remember, in the late summer of '40, when everybody looked for Nazis to invade England, there were stories of bodies of Germans which had been washed up on the shores of England—bodies with the marks of burning. Asked about these burned bodies, Churchill only smiled, said that could wait until the war was won.

Now we can tell the French end of the weird story. Hitler, in August '40, planned the invasion of England. He had assembled at French channel ports, from Cherbourg to Calais, a great fleet of barges, an army of 150,000 men.

This is the story of Simone, the middle-aged waitress in the Cafe de Paris billiard room in Cherbourg:

It was early in Sept, and in the sky that night there was a furious whirling—many battles. While fighting planes battled, other planes—English planes—dropped gallons upon gallons of oil on the barges and on waters of the harbor. And on the oil they dropped incendiary torches.

Simone never saw, never will see such a furious fire. The barges, tied together, burned like firewood. Simone likened the screams of the Nazis to souls in purgatory.

And so it was all along the French coast. For three days ambulance trains carried injured soldiers to Paris. Commandant Koch, the German officer in charge, donned full uniform, pinned on all his medals—and shot himself. Simone said his grave was at the top of Rue Montebello—and there it was.

That is her story. Take it or leave it.—Abridged from *PM*, 8-20-'44.

CENSORSHIP

Idaho citizen rec'd a letter from a friend in Iran. It began: "Somewhere in Iran, Dear Friend Bott:" That's where it ended, too.—AP dispatch.

CHURCH—and State

The ret'g servicemen will expect and insist that the Church be the conscience of society. . . Servicemen look to the Church, above all else, to render impossible any sabotage of the peace they are fighting and dying to win. They expect the Church, right now, to emphatically tell Washington, London and Moscow that Christian principles must be embodied in the peace.—CLARENCE W HALL (editor, *The Link*) "When The Stars are in the Pews Again," *Christian Advocate*, 8-31-'44.

CIVILIAN—vs WAC

As a civilian I don't cost the government the ghost of a cent for medical or dental care. Uncle Sam now pays me more cash than he pays a Wac, but he doesn't have to maintain a large administrative force to feed, clothe, discipline and sustain me. He doesn't have to muster me out with a bonus, and he'll never have to consider pensioning me when I'm old and decrepit. Yet working next door to a Wac, I'm doing as big a job as she is—even bigger because I stay on mine eight hours a day while she spends a good portion of hers in drills or physical exercises, parades, inspections, going to "orientation" movies and sitting through lectures on personal adjustment to Army conditions.

The nation would not gain either from the standpoint of efficiency or that of economy by putting me in uniform; and when it's a question of "getting there fustest, with the mostest," military trappings and flummy-diddles are flagrant waste of the taxpayer's money and my time.—RUTH E PETERS, "Why I Don't Join The Wacs," *The American Mercury*, 9-'44.

DUTY—Accomplished

During a recent battle in Italy, the commanding officer admonished: "The Germans are coming. We're outnumbered 4 to 1. Do your stuff, men."

Old Joe, a Ky mountaineer, began to blaze away with his gun. After 5 min of steady firing, he stopped, leaned his rifle against a rock, lit a cigarette.

"What's the matter there?" yelled the officer.

"Heck, sir," replied Joe, "I got my 4!"—*Coronet*.

ENTERPRISE

During a blizzard on N Y's lower East side, someone started yelling "Hitler! Hitler!" People rushed out to see what was going on. They found a pushcart pedler causing the commotion. A cop asked, "What are you shouting Hitler for?" "If I yelled apples," answered the pedler, "who would come out on a day like this?"

Twice-Traveled Trails

These are wonderful days when the agony of war is passing from stricken souls, so that out of misery they are lifted to joy. Strong men cheer with tears streaming down their cheeks. The laughter of women breaks suddenly into sobs. We who are witnesses. . . are not untouched. . . They are good days to live in.—Sir PHILIP GIBBS, in the closing days of World War I.

" "

Old names. Old roads. The same blood and the same good breeds—"Poilu," "Tommy" and "Yank." There wasn't even a crack in the molds. . .

The weapons are new. The impulse is as old as life itself—the desire to be free—and that impulse is its own impregnable shield.

So they speed on—the legions of our Allied valiant—where long ago the poppies donned a deeper red—

Paced and cheered by silent regiments which march eternally across the skies. Prayed for by everyone who went that way before them.—Editorial, *Memphis Commercial-Appeal*.

EVIDENCE—Circumstantial

That portion of the population which hopes to get rich in the stock mkt has been keeping a watchful eye on the Fisher bros. Figure

they're going to buy a large hunk of automobiles any day now. . . and that particular hunk of automobiles would make fine speculation.

One of the Fishers was riding thru the industrial district few days ago when something happened to a tire. He stopped the car in front of a factory, got out, decided to look for a telephone. He walked up and down, trying to figure where the nearest phone might be. As he trudged, a passing motor car ground to a sudden stop. Two minor tycoons took a poyeyed look. A Fisher inspecting a factory!

Next day the stock of relatively minor company (the one owning the factory where Fisher had tire trouble) jumped 3 points!—ANTHONY WEITZEL, *Detroit Free-Press*.

FRANCE—Cuisine

It is true that a French cook would present a dish of beef which had taken 5 hrs' close supervision, and a fish clad in a sauce worked over as Flaubert used to work over his prose. But there were no more cooks in France in proportion to the population than there were in England and the U. S. . .

French interest in food did not represent a diversion of energies which would, in other countries, have been poured into more serious channels; it was a saving of forces which elsewhere would have been wasted.—REBECCA WEST, "France," *Harper's Bazaar*.

FUTILITY

No one has yet weathered the storm by storming at the weather. —*Wesleyan Christian Advocate*.

JAPANESE—Army

Side by side with this harsh discipline there runs an odd stream of democratic feeling, which owes its existence to the fact that the professional officers are not normally drawn from higher social levels.

I have frequently seen private soldiers occupying seats in buses and subways with gen'ls straphanging beside them. The private would invariably stand up and salute. But having done this, he would resume his seat.—JOHN MORRIS, *Traveler From Tokio*.

MUSIC—Appreciation

A family in an ap't house was aroused almost to the point of murder by the jumbles of trashy music from a neighbor's radio and victrola. Then a bright idea came to this aroused neighbor woman. She wondered if these neighbors really knew anything about good music. She bought them some lovely symphony recordings—without posing as a reformer or critic but in friendly neighborliness. Within a month a different music was echoing thru the ap't house.—Rev J W HOLLAND, *Progressive Farmer*.

Perceptive Postmen

Lt Albert Zukas was recently transferred from George Field, Lawrenceville, Ill. Arriving at his new destination, he recalled leaving a pr of shoes at a Lawrenceville repair shop. He couldn't recall the name, but remembered the location. So he wrote a letter to the unknown shop, asking that the shoes be forwarded.

On the face of the envelope, Lt Zukas drew a map of downtown Lawrenceville, with an arrow pointing to the shoe shop and the instructions, "Please deliver here."

"He labeled the post-office corner 'bank'" said a postal employe, "but we guessed correctly."

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After getting out of the car of a man who had given him a lift, Pfc Bob Zook discovered he had left his raincoat in the auto. He wrote a letter addressed:

"To the man who is tearing down the old Methodist church in Victor, Colo."

Yes, he now has his raincoat!

PREJUDICE

Riding to Coney on the BMT, we heard a couple discussing the *Ballet Russe*. "It's so colorful!" the girl exclaimed. "It's so wonderful! It's just about the best kind of entertainment. Will you please tell me why you don't like it?"

"Well," the man said, "I don't like Russia. That Stalin is too much of a boss."—PM.



**CONFIDENTIALLY
THRU A
MEGAPHONE**

Every day the American farmer sends 15,000 tons of food to our armed forces and \$5 million worth of foodstuffs to our Allies under Lend-Lease. This record-breaking production has been accomplished with fewer farm workers that we have had since turn of the century. In the period 1940-'43, 14% fewer workers grew 44% more food than in 1910-'14. These facts led Sec'y Wickard (had you forgotten him?) to tell Gov't planners bluntly last mo that their proposal to convert huge acreage of public lands into farms for ret'g servicemen is a pipe dream. Present 374 million acres of crop land, Sec'y says, will produce all we can absorb, plus estimated \$600-800 million UNRRA food purchases (unprocessed cost) in 1st yr of peace. He thinks there will be place on the farm for the boys who went from the farm, but poor prospect for new farmers.

Doughboys landing in Normandy found food abundant. Their comments home threatened misunderstanding which French are at some pains to clear up. Semi-official French explanation: Our forces walked into rich agricultural area in harvest height, at time when transportation had broken down and crops could not be moved.

Louisville Council of Churchwomen will launch, this fall, classes in psychology of ret'g servicemen (for wives, mothers, sweethearts). Psychiatrist will instruct. . . American Bible Society announced last wk Scripture has now been translated into 1,062 languages, dialects.

Gen'l MacArthur has been making hit with war correspondents in Pacific by presenting them with campaign ribbons.



ARMY: Old gag about a gun that will "shoot around the corner" is matched by factual description of new 41-ton Churchill "crocodile" tank-mounted flame thrower. Hurls lethal blaze 450 ft. Flames can be ricocheted off solid surface in manner of a billiard shot, to burn out pillboxes, trenches hundreds of ft away. This most powerful flame thrower known was introduced in Normandy; has been used to burn path for British forces thru France. Uses special new-type fuel which is carried in armored trailer. (*British Inf Service*).

" "

INVENTION: Newly - developed hypodermic needle contains a trigger-like arrangement that releases a spring which carries the syringe forward and thrusts the needle into a predetermined depth. (*RN, Jnl for Nurses*).

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PLASTICS: Dr Stanley D Tylman, U of Ill dental college prof, has developed elastic plastic which has texture similar to skin, tissue-like flexibility and life-like translucency. Base is material used in plexiglass, with added resins to attain flexibility. Another step in attaining normal appearance for wounded vets.

" "

PRODUCTS: Synthetic rubberized glass cloth has great postwar possibilities. Fireproof; repels gasoline, oils, grease, water, insects; unaffected by alkalis, acids. Suggested uses: awnings, theatre curtains, machine covers where heat is used, decorations. (*Pathfinder*).

" "

VITAMINS: A food factor—possibly a new vitamin—is reported by two scientists of Oregon State college. Termed an "anti-stiffness" element, may prove helpful in fighting arthritis. First found in raw cream and vegetable greens.

POLITICS—Participation

We like to think of thousands of plain, ordinary Americans getting up from the dinner table (where they've held forth on politics) and going to the nearest Democratic, Republican (or what-not) club and saying, "How about letting me in on this?"—prepared to use both brain power and elbow grease. If we did more of this... we might be amazed at developments. After all, our elected representatives want to keep their jobs.—*Pleasures of Publishing*, hm Columbia U Press.

PROPAGANDA—American

On American fighting fronts, the Army prints little one-sheet newspapers, in the enemy's language, giving full, accurate and late war news on one side and on the reverse setting forth the advantages of immediate surrender. The sheets are dropped in back of the enemy lines by a plane or shell. Well, the other day in Normandy, a Nazi surrendered and, in the course of the interrogation by our intelligence officers, pettishly asked what had happened to the little newspapers. His platoon hadn't had any news for several days, he said, and was getting bitter about the service.—*The New Yorker*.

PROPHECY

Pope Pius X, who died in '14, once fell into a deep trance. Awakening, he said: "What I see is terrifying! Will it be myself? Will it be my successor? What is certain is that the Pope will quit Rome and in leaving the Vatican will walk over the dead bodies of his priests."

How near to fulfillment that vision came! Till the last minute, while the Allied armies were on the march, the Germans still decided to defend Rome. There were even rumors that the Germans planned to take the Pope as hostage. Had they not changed their minds, the present Pope may well have walked over the dead bodies of his priests.—GREGOR E CARMICHAEL, "Crystal-Packing Papa," *Tricolor*, 8-'44.

RELIGION—and Life

I should like to see Christian leaders disregard their timid followers and, like Francis of Assisi or John Wesley, go out of the church bldgs,

shake the dust of denominationalism from impatient feet, and appeal to the folks generally. Americans will listen to religion if and when it claims to have relationship to real life. Let the churches recognize that their job is not to nurture the pious nearly so much as it is to rouse, convict of sin, convert, a pagan nation.—Dr BERNARD IDINGS BELL, "Let's Revitalize Religion!" *Argosy*, 9-'44.

Joke's Journey

Five hundred yrs ago, they told of a man who wanted to see how his wife would act if he died. He laid down and played 'possum; succeeded in fooling her, all right.

Her first thought was to call for help, but then she realized she could hardly admit to having an appetite if others were present; and she was very hungry. So she ate a large dish of salt meat. This, of course, made her thirsty. Again she postponed her mourning while she took out a flagon and set out for some wine.

Just then, however, some neighbors dropped in. Flinging away her flagon, she rushed to her husband's still form, crying, "O, my poor husband! Whatever shall I do now?"

"Probably," he said, sitting up, "you will now go on and get your wine."

Thru the centuries the story becomes better:

A housewife is enjoying a plate of borscht as a friend rushes in:

"Come quick!" cries the friend, "Your husband has been in an accident!"

The wife calmly goes on eating.

"Didn't you hear me?" the friend repeats. "Your husband has had an accident."

"I heard you," said the wife, "and when I finish this borscht, will you hear a woman scream!" —*Redbook*.

TAXES

A Topeka, Kan, tax assessor recently ran across the newest and best answer yet to the question on the assessment blank: "Nature of taxpayer." The answer: "Very mean."

The Little People of Paris

HAROLD ETTLINGER, young American, was a newspaper man in pre-war France. He came to love Paris—beautiful, tender, a little bawdy, but very much a woman, and so very much the enchantress. It was natural, then, that he should gather his impressions into a book of anecdote and reminiscence—*Fair Fantastic Paris*. With a nice sense of timing, the house of Bobbs-Merrill last wk published the volume (\$3.) from which we make a few random selections. Appreciation of the stories will be tinged by a regret that Mr Ettlinger did not live to see his beloved Paris liberated. At the time of his death, a few months ago, he was on the staff of the Chicago Sun, conductor of its popular column, *The Axis on The Air*.

Jean Rigaud was a prosperous jeweler. One day he told me that he would never understand Americans, and they'd probably never understand him.

"I spent the whole morning," he confided "with an American whom I know well. He was showing me with pencil and paper how I could double my business. But I don't want to double my business and I don't understand why Americans always want to double theirs. Suppose I double my business. Then I work twice as hard. Then I have half as much leisure. Then I don't enjoy life. Why should I work twice as hard when I make enough now?"

"Wouldn't you like to have a bigger home, a fine car?" I asked.

"I like my home the way it is, Rigaud retorted. "And if I had a car my life would be miserable. Now I ride down to my shop in the morning on the subway. I read my morning paper. Somebody else drives the train. I ride home to lunch and read another paper or magazine. I ride home again at night and read the papers again. When would I read the papers if I had to drive a car?"

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Monsieur Granet and his wife lived in retirement in Le Vesinet. For many yrs Granet had been an engineer employed by the gov't. He had achieved the ambition of most Frenchmen, to retire to the country and putter. When several American families moved to Le Vesinet, he volunteered to do some of their

puttering, as well. Once when he was fixing a furnace for an American matron, she suggested that she might be giving him too much trouble. He dismissed the thought with a wave of his arm.

"Madame," he said, "I am 76 yrs old. I have lived a long time and am waiting around to die. While waiting, why shouldn't I take the time to fix your furnace?"

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When a crusading bishop succeeded to the diocese of Le Mans, he was troubled by the fact that directly beside the beautiful Gothic edifice was a long row of houses of prostitution.

Municipal authorities shrugged at his protest that the houses be cleared and turned to respectable tenants. Finally, the bishop, an energetic man, found the money to buy the houses. But just as the transaction was completed war broke out. Parliament passed stringent laws against eviction of prewar tenants. There was no intent to protect bordelles, but law was law. The tenants remained. What was worse, they now paid their rent to the bishop, who, to his horror, found himself not only saddled with the bordelles, but actually receiving money from them into church funds.

The well-intentioned bishop has succeeded in only one thing. He has changed the name of the row of houses for all time to come. They are now known as *Les Bordelles de Monsieur*.

WAR BOND—Promotion

Emphasizing absurdity of civilians being coaxed, entertained, amused into LOANING money to support war effort, Scharringhausen Pharmacy, Park Ridge, Ill, has been running

series of institutional newspaper ads under burlesque headings. Examples: "Special Tent-to-Tent Canvass of Soldiers for Volunteers to Invade France," "Big Rally & Entertainment to Interest Marines in Attacking S Pacific Japs."



GEMS FROM

Yesteryear

The Well-Loved Ship

JOSEPH CONRAD

It was from the French port of Marseilles (lately figuring anew in the public prints) that a Polish lad of 13 first went to sea. We know him by his 1st two names. The family name was Korzeniowski. Tho he came late in life to a knowledge of English, he wrote in this language his great novels of the sea. This excerpt is from The Mirror of The Sea (1906). Born in 1856, Conrad died in 1924—just 20 yrs ago.

I suspect that. . . the love of the sea to which some men and nations confess so readily, is a complex sentiment wherein pride enters for much, necessity for not a little, and the love of ships—the untiring servants of our hopes and our self-esteem—for the best and the most genuine part.

For the hundreds who have reviled the sea, from Shakespeare, to the most obscure sea-dog, there could not be found, I believe, one sailor who has ever coupled a curse with the good or bad name of a ship. If ever his profanity, provoked by the hardships of the sea, went so far as to touch his ship, it would be lightly, as a hand may, without sin, be laid in the way of kindness on a woman.

The love that is given to ships is profoundly different from the love men feel for every other work of their hands—the love they bear their houses, for instance—because it is untainted by the pride of possession. The pride of skill, the pride of responsibility, the pride of endurance there may be, but otherwise it is a disinterested sentiment. No seaman ever cherished a ship, even if she belonged to him, merely because of the profit she put in his pocket.

It is State Fair time and country cousins have their annual fling at ribbing city folk. One of the classics at the Wisconsin fair was arranged by a Walworth county hog breeder. He put a bale of straw near the rail of a swine pen, rigged up a box over which he painted a sign, "See the Irish Bats—Free!"

Strollers read the sign, stepped up on the bale of straw, looked in the box and beheld—two paving bricks . . . "Irish bats."—*Milwaukee Jnl.*

" "

The conversation had turned to the subject of fraternal organizations. A little blond housewife in the group found the talk over her head—and of little interest, anyway.

Pressed for a contribution, she observed, "Well, I don't know much about the Masons, but I do think their fruit jars are very nice."

" "

Friend of ours reports loitering over lunch with a friend of his. Suddenly the latter pulled a watch from his pocket, sprang to his feet and said: "It's 2 o'clock and I must get back to my office. My wife made an engagement to meet me there at one, and I don't want to be late."



OF THE WEEK

Another nice thing about the postwar world: People won't sound so stuck up when they mention having been to Europe.
ROBT QUILLEN.

" "

A political platform is like a street-car platform. It's not to stand on; it's to get in on.—*Judge.*

" "

Not all roads lead to Berlin, but the Allies are on the ones that do!

GOOD STORIES YOU CAN USE

"I LAUGHED AT THIS ONE"

KATHARINE BRUSH

It was on the mezzanine of a hotel in Vero Beach, Fla. I looked about for a feminine employee. No maids or other attendants were in view; not even a guest of my sex was to be seen. So I beckoned to an approaching bellboy—an obvious Fla "cracker" with weak blue eyes and sallow complexion.

I asked if he would direct me to the ladies' room.

A puzzled expression came over his countenance as he answered: "What lady?"

Red Cross home service units receive many strange requests for help. But a new one bobbed up last wk. A young lady applied for assistance in visiting her boy friend, who she said was a "prisoner of war."

"You mean he's in Germany or Japan?" the girl was asked.

No, it developed; he was in this country.

"Well, then," inquired the Red Cross representative, "is he a German, Italian or Japanese?"

The case finally cleared when the girl explained: her friend was in the guard house!

A sergeant-major hailed a recruit who was sauntering forth in battle dress and conspicuous brown shoes.

"Where did you get those shoes?"

"I had them in private life, sir," answered the recruit.

"And what were you in private life?"

"I was on the stock exchange, sir," said the unhappy recruit.

"So. And did you have a silk hat as well?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then," said the sergeant-major caustically, "why don't you wear that also?"

Into the recruit's eyes came a look of mingled horror and incredulity as he replied questioningly: "With brown shoes, sir?"—*Daily Telegraph (London).*

" "

When the elder daughter of the household came down to breakfast with hair pinned on top of her head in a style that you could call weird and still be charitable, Mother gave one look and demanded, "What kind of a hair 'don't' would you call that?"—*Atlanta Jnl.*

